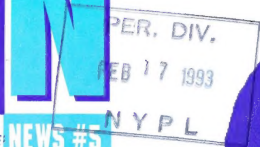


STACK 3 DPN

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DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #5

Inside This Issue:
Songs of DPN,
Munt Kaposi's Advice,
Etiquette for the
Examining Room,
The Taste Challenge,
Play of the Dildoes,
and Much More!



Together for eternity:
Roy Cohn & Kimberly Bergalis

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

Don't let our colophon fool you, the primary reason for any publication is to get the editors laid. (That's why scarcely an issue passes that doesn't have images of ourselves plastered all over it.) Seriously though, veteran readers may have wondered about the new faces that have sprung up lately, and this First Anniversary issue seemed like as good a time as any.

Cranky Editor Beowulf (Biffy) is the sole surviving founder of DPN. He attributes his Dorian Grey-like longevity to the preservatives in the twinkies he eats. As you can see, he's on his way to becoming the oldest twinkie in the world. He foresook biochem and a cushy career of washing test tubes for poverty and art school. His philosophy of life: If you can't be rich, be published.

Humpy Editor Tommy wanted to write for a magazine even before he could jack off. He attributes his longevity to high levels of stress. Despite photos like this one, he does smile in real life.

Sleazy Editrix Mikey actually had a certain amount of fame even before he joined DPN. He's known for provocative articles in local Bay Area rags and for saying naughty words on the radio. The only new staff member who has been allowed to pick his own title, Mikey is here to help us keep our bearings and make sure that we never go pandering for federal grant money.



The remains of your Dusty Deaditor (formerly the Serene Editor) have been ground up and mixed into the ink used in this issue.

DPN #5

included

this

pull-out

soundsheet

Songs of DPN

Glenn Peacock - vocals, Jeffy Mae - grand piano
Angelo Mysterioso - guitar
Produced by Beowulf Thorne
Engineered by Tom Ace

Continued on
SIDE TWO

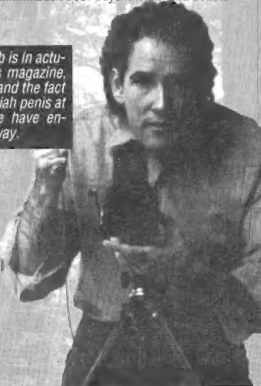
PLACE COIN HERE IF
33 1/3 RPM
STEREO
SOUND SHEET MUSIC

Songs of DPN part 1 (this side)
Lyrics by Beowulf Thorne
Songs of DPN part 2 (flip side)
Lyrics by Michael Botkin

MADE IN U.S.A. BY EVATONE® CLEARWATER, FL.
108230-1AHS
EVA TONE
SOUND SHEETS

Soundsheet Side One.....	They're Called Diseased Pariahs!
Soundsheet Side Two.....	Pus (The Septic Dragon)
1.....	Who Are These Guys?
3.....	The Pariah's Bookshelf: Final Exit
5.....	Voices from Dystopia
5.....	How I Got AIDS. Part V
7.....	Pussy
11.....	Examining Room Etiquette
13.....	Aunt Kaposi's Advice to the Loveworn
15.....	Centerfold Boy Matt Chappel
17.....	Video Review with Porn Potato
19.....	Get Fat, don't die: The Taste Challenge
21.....	Meat Market
22.....	Resource Guide: The AIDS Stack
23.....	Condom Corner: Day of the Dildoes
24.....	Adventures of Captain Condom
29.....	Shameless Commercialism
Back Cover.....	Back Door Boys Michael and Debbie

Mod Photographer Bob is in actuality slumming in this magazine, but his charm, talent, and the fact that his lips kissed pariah penis at some time in his life have endeared him to us anyway.



**YOUR CRANKY EDITOR
& IRRESISTIBLE FORCE**
Beowulf Thorne

**YOUR HUMPY EDITOR
& INTERNATIONAL LIAISON**
Tom Ace

**YOUR SLEAZY EDITOR
& PROTECTOR OF THE STREETS**
Michael Botkin

PHOTOS COURTESY OF
Mod Photographer Bob

"SONGS OF DPN"

Produced by Beowulf Thorne; Sung by Glenn Peacock; Grand Piano - Jeffy Mae; Guitar - L'Angelo Mysterioso; "They're Called Diseased Pariahs!" lyrics by Beowulf Thorne; "Pus (The Septic Dragon)" lyrics by Michael Botkin; Engineer - Tom Ace; recorded at Mostly Oak Studios on Dec. 14, 1991

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!

The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We are a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seronegative guilt. We encourage people with HIV to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment will be the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

It's easy, it's quick, it's New Wave! Simply use the coupon on page 30. Someone already tore it off? Then send \$10.00 (US\$12 Canada, US\$20 International) for one year (4 issues) or \$3 (\$4 Canada, \$6 Int'l) for a sample issue. Checks or money orders to DPN, c/o Men's Support Center, P.O.Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604. Questions? Please leave a message at (510) 891-0455. You'll be glad you did.

YOU CAN CHECK OUT ANY TIME YOU LIKE...

Final Exit: The Practicalities of Self-Deliverance and Assisted Suicide for the Dying
Derek Humphry, Hemlock Press, 1991

Life is tough. Why should death be tough, too? If you want to die in comfort, *Final Exit* will tell you all you need to know. For a discussion of the ethics involved, the author refers us to his earlier book, *The Right To Die: Understanding Euthanasia; Final Exit* is just the how-to manual.

Derek Humphry helped his first wife to just say no to existence back in 1975, and has been a central figure in the right-to-die movement for over a decade. It's no surprise that he has strong feelings on the subject; anyone who didn't wouldn't be willing to take all the flak he gets for writing books like these. And what flak he gets—accusations of everything from disobeying God's will to getting rich off suckering people into killing themselves. Some people assume he must be deranged to be so devoted to the issue.

He's not deranged; the right to suicide is a basic freedom, and I respect Derek Humphry for promoting awareness and acceptance of that option. My complaints are only that he sometimes makes suicide seem

too attractive, and—completely unrelated—that his book doesn't show enough of a sense of humor.

Final Exit doesn't explicitly make suicide seem glamorous or fun; on the contrary, Humphry takes pains to discuss the alternatives, and makes it clear that he's not suggesting suicide for the depressed, but only for people who are clearly dying. He goes out of his way to assert his respect for those who don't want to take death into their own hands. Even so, just by its tone, *Final Exit* will suggest to some that killing yourself is no big deal. Consider these words: "The will to die is not, in my view, sufficient alone to bring about death. It would be nice if that were all that were necessary." Nice? This, from someone who doesn't want depressed (but otherwise healthy) people to kill themselves? There's also the occasional bizarre touch of enthusiasm, like the chapter title "How Do You Get The Magic Pills?" (It even looks flip-pant—the titles are set in Peignot Bold, a hair-salon typeface. The Hemlock Society could stand some graphic design help.)

But these are flaws of execution, not evidence of a sinister agenda. If *Final Exit* is flawed, keep in mind that it is one hell of a balancing act. Humphry is sensitive to his readers' feelings, but he also isn't afraid to express his opinions. He tries to acknowledge the kinds of suicide he approves of while discouraging others. He's continually anticipating questions and criticism of various kinds.

About the dearth of humor: yes, a glib tone would've worked to his disadvantage, but surely his readers could've handled a little joke here and there. With no humor, the book is often sterile and tedious, and artificially so. All the yuks in *Final Exit* are (at least apparently) unintentional. We're told that suicide by lethal suppositories is "the least desirable of methods because of the need for an enema and the position the patient must assume." Is that with or without a sling, Mr. Humphry?

Suicide has the special fascination that only a taboo subject can have. More than half a million copies of

Final Exit have been sold, and hardly just to terminally ill people. There's nothing like pent-up desire for information.

When I was 21, I wanted to know how to kill myself. (I was living in Los Angeles at the time.) I went to a public library and looked up "poisons" in the card catalog. To my dismay, the best reference they had wasn't out in the stacks—you had to ask the staff to get it for you. I went to the reference desk, asked for the book, and the librarian calmly asked me who I was trying to kill. "My landlord," I replied, figuring that anything was better than saying I wanted to kill myself. And I wasn't about to, I just wanted to know how—but any suggestion of suicide seemed socially unacceptable. I'm sure lots of customers in bookstores across the country have felt sheepish holding their copies of *Final Exit* in check-out lines.

I remember once filling out a doctor's questionnaire for new patients and seeing a box to check if you're subject to thoughts about suicide. I checked it, and added the remark "everyone thinks about suicide once in a while". It was obvious when the doctor got to that point by the look on his face. He asked a few questions, decided that I wasn't truly suicidal, and said that he'd have been obliged to intervene otherwise. How rude, I thought. In any case, the questionnaire didn't distinguish between the "I hate life" kind of suicide and the Derek Humphry approved "I'm terminally ill and hate life" variety.

And just how does one distinguish between appropriate and inappro-

priate suicide, anyway? When is an illness terminal, and how much pain and suffering is unbearable? Humphry has guidelines, including not doing it if there's any doubt in your mind, but feels that it's up to the individual to decide. Critics will say that people with terminal illnesses are often depressed to boot and therefore can't make good decisions. True enough, and Derek Humphry might even agree, but would still argue for the right to have control over one's destiny.

Final Exit doesn't attempt to answer every question about suicide. It concentrates on practical considerations, and there it's quite comprehensive. Those who bought the book out of curiosity's sake probably won't be disappointed with the discussions and critiques of the more popular methods. Don't use cyanide, he says; it can be torturous and undignified. Shooting and hanging are dismissed as "ugly". There's advice on what to put in your suicide note; you can add an order that you may not be revived if someone finds you before you're dead. Technically, he says, you could sue for battery if someone disobeys your wishes. Such subject matter makes the book seem surreal at times, and that feeling is only made stronger by the relentless matter-of-fact tone.

Information like this has potential for abuse, as does any valuable information. Derek Humphry knows this and decided that the potential benefits are greater. If we want people to make rational decisions about suicide, the subject needs to be out in the open. My hat is off to Derek Humphry for helping bring suicide out of the closet. — T. A.

THAT'S "puh-RYE-uh"

pariah (puh-RYE-uh; also PEAR-ee-uh) *n.* (Tamil *paraiyan*, drummer <parai, drum; *pariahs* were hereditary drumbeaters) **1.** A member of one of the lowest social classes of India. **2.** Any person despised or rejected by others. **3.** Any "guilty" victim of HIV.

That's right kiddies, we don't care how you got HIV, as long as you're not a whining and hateful virgin about it. Other than that, we're pretty open around here. DPN's been fairly boy oriented so far, but we love girlie pariahs too, yes we do. Don't be shy! Let us know you're out there!

TECHNONAUSEA

As Rachel Pepper, the "zine queen of A Different Light Bookstore" says, "DPN is desktop publishing at its low-budget best." There seems to be this misconception that DPN is not like other homemade publications. Well, take heart those of you who doubt our illegitimacy, for the ugly truth is about to be told: The paper for the first copies of DPN and the photocopier time were stolen, paid for by a major Western university, and thus at taxpayer expense. Our scanner time is stolen, our imagesetter galleys are stolen, our film is developed outside laboratory regulations, and we mooch off of our friends for software. About the only things that aren't stolen are Bitty's Macintosh, and our material and artwork, which we are proud to say are 100% original.

VOICES FROM DYSTOPIA

by Sid Gagliardo



"So when do you want to come back?" Kathy says in her nurse voice.

"Four weeks fit my budget, same time," I reply as I put on my cycling gloves and adjust my spandex. "This is my anniversary, you know, three years this month."

"Is it? You've been really lucky."

"Well, I haven't exactly won the lottery, dear, but I guess I am. What exactly kills a person after this long? I mean, I feel like he longer I live, the better a chance I have of croaking from some totally exotic germ that the CDC doesn't even know about."

In a low voice she says, "Diarrhea...pneumonia...but in your case probably a Hyundai; you're not so lucky as to get flattened by a Porsche." Kathy hands me a receipt with "AIDS/KS" scrawled in large letters across the diagnosis section. "Don't write that on there!" I shriek.

"What shall I put this time, Buzz? Gallo syndrome? Fauci flu?...CIA plot? What?"

I think about how vile I want to be to the insurance company

for jerking me around.
"Put P.U.S./S.Y."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"Pay Up Shitheads/Suffer Yourselves." I'm instantly proud of myself.

Kathy looks at me coldly and says, "You dear, are too mean to die! Be careful riding home and we'll see you next time." She just shakes her head, rolls her eyes and waves me out of the office.

"Oh sure, not even so much as a cheerful 'Happy Anniversary'. I'm outta here!"

I slink down the hallway. I can see my reflection in the hall windows of another office. My spandex makes me

April, I understand, is not a geographic location unless you happen to live in Amsterdam. It seems to be an emotional state for me, though that's close enough. My equivalent of "au revoir" is "see you in April" — loosely translated as I Sure As Hell Hope To See You Again, And Real Soon — which does admittedly confuse people when I use it in mid-Summer. Nevertheless, it implies to me a perfectly torrid climate.

One particular year, April included two videos, on subsequent weekends. (Yes, most of your favorite videos were shot in the course of one long, hectic weekend — don't ask how.) Somehow, I managed to fall in love each weekend.

In the first one, that was all to the good: we were scheduled to perform together, and I think I can be justifiably proud of the fireworks that resulted. The second time around, I wasn't so lucky. The director had insisted that Michael and I be on opposite sides of the set all weekend. A more frustrating experience I can't imagine — but come to think of it, that may have been what was wanted. That particular company seems to specialize in videos of eternally frustrated youths screwing each other just to take an edge off of their horniness...god forbid if any of the characters might become attached to each other. So per-

look like a huge shiny black spider...scary and poisonous. I get excited thinking I'm about as dangerous as a person can be without having a gun. The route home is mundane. I dart in and out of traffic to make the ride more of a challenge. I spit on a lowly Oldsmobile that gets too close. *Is there a lucky Porsche out there today?* I think to myself.

HOW I GOT AIDS, PART V

Memoirs of a Working Boy, by Scott O'Hara

flaps putting me together with Michael would have ended up on the cutting room floor. No matter—I did get his phone number.

It was almost a month before I managed to make it down to Los Angeles. I avoided L.A. like most good San Franciscans, but love lust makes one behave oddly. I was to discover later (almost two years later) that Michael was in the throes of a Great Romance himself, but that didn't stop us from burning up the sheets. Few things *could* stop him. It stands out as one of the best weekends in my recorded history. And yet...

I was thoroughly accustomed to condoms by that time—even if we weren't using them in videos, in private life I did. Almost always. I still can't explain (for excuse) it; for some reason even mentioning condoms to Michael was impossible. Talking about any aspect of sex has never been easy for me (writing is only a little bit easier), so I usually rely on actions. With several years of hindsight, I think this to be an error: if I can't bring myself to talk about it, I shouldn't be doing it. But the result was, for the duration of our affair which continued sporadically for two years, Michael was

the only person in my private life with whom I was having seriously unsafe sex. Doubtful that it made a difference to either of us healthwise; but if there is responsibility to be taken for spreading it around, I can't exactly duck.

But this isn't True Confessions time. I want to tell you about the Good Times which are numerous. Most memorable: April of the following year, when we met half by chance, half by desperation in San Diego. Neither of us had a place to go for sex; we rode around on his motorcycle, and ended up in Balboa Park. He parked, and led me down a ravine (what's that, you say you know that ravine well?) to a spot about ten yards from the freeway, but screened by trees, pulled out his dick and "dared" me to suck it. It seemed to be a relatively well protected spot, and I've always had a passion for outdoor sex. What could be more natural? I didn't hesitate. When I came up for air, sometime after he came, the first thing I saw, atop the ridge, was a silhouette of a mounted policeman. So much for my imminent orgasm. Either he didn't see us, or just wasn't interested, but he certainly added to the drama of the scene.

Come to think of it, that scene is the one between Michael and I that should have been captured on video for eternity. Except, of course, that then he would've had to pull out to come.

GET FAT, don't die!

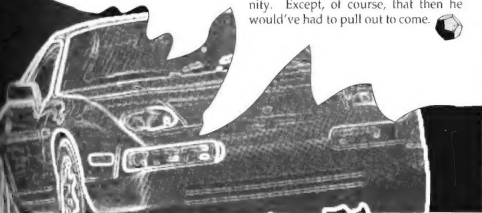
**Betty Ann Mae's
Pork Chops with Campbell's™
Cream of Mushroom Soup**

4 pork chops
1 can Campbell's™ Cream of
Mushroom Soup
8 oz. can evaporated milk
4 or 5 Actual Mushrooms, sliced (optional)

Lightly brown the pork chops. The hard part's over now; it gets easy from here on. Arrange the pork chops in a 2" deep oven pan. (If you're a real gourmet kind of cook, arrange the Actual Mushrooms on top and around. This goes against every tenet of trash cuisine, but the kids'll love 'em.) Stir together the Campbell's™ Cream of Mushroom Soup and evaporated milk, and pour it over the chops. Bake uncovered for 45 minutes at 350° F, or until brown and bubbly. Serve with mashed potatoes and egg noodles, and don't forget to sop up every delicious bit of that yummy gravy! And remember: "Trashy people cook with Campbell's™ Cream of Mushroom Soup!"

**Biffy Mae's
Half-Nuked Potatoes**

Don't have the patience to wait for over an hour to bake a potato the old-fashioned way, but you don't like the texture of nuked potatoes? Half-nuke them like Biffy Mae. Prick your potato and microwave it on HIGH for 3 minutes. Wrap in foil, shiny side touching the potato, and bake in a preheated, 400° F oven for 30 minutes. Presto! A light fluffy baked potato in only half the time! Serve with butter and lots of sour cream, or your favorite topping.



By the way, our new "story end" icon:  is a viral capsid and **not** a crystal.

P U S S Y

by David Burns

The towel shoots across Pussy's face like a punch. A sneaker hits him in the left nut. He walks back, cutting himself on the aluminum angle of a locker door. The whole row of lockers rings like a gong. There are twenty or thirty boys chanting "Pussy! Pussy!" Their faces and bodies have the beauty of angels.

Pussy is hooked onto a locker by the elastic of his briefs, strung up like a slit pig. Something comes out of him that is a hybrid of laughter and a death rattle. He tries to call for help but is unable to. Eventually, the boys lose interest and go back to snapping towels at each other, leaving him hanging there.

When Pussy looks up he sees Mr. DiFranco, the gym teacher, coming towards him. The locker room is empty and rings with water dripping. Mr. DiFranco puts his giant gorilla arms around Pussy's knees and lifts him effortlessly to the floor. Pussy is standing there, on the

ground, staring at the tiny gold cross embedded in Mr. DiFranco's black chest hairs.

Pussy looks at himself in the mirror, aware that Mr. DiFranco is still watching him. There is a delicate tear of blood running its way down his left cheek. Something inside him tears like paper and his guts go spilling out onto the yellow tile floor. Mr. DiFranco just stands there, watching, looking at Pussy with the eyes of a judge.

• • • • •

Ten years later Pussy is getting slimmer by the day. Agner, his "buddy," prepares what he thinks are irresistible nourishments, but Pussy can't seem to get past his gag reflex. Although he's aware of the inevitable, Pussy can't help admiring his new figure and the way the clothes hang off of him. "just like a model." He's always craved the storklike limbs of an Iman, a Veruschka, and now he has them. He walks the brief runway of his microscopic

studio apartment, from the dressing room – a coat rack stolen from a nightclub – to the stage – a fire escape, where he strikes different poses and makes lewd remarks to passing businessmen.

When he's tired, Pussy relaxes with his soaps and game shows. While Agner goes to ACT-UP and Queer Nation, putting up posters and marching in the streets, Pussy sits on the sofa, letting nature take its course. He draws the curtains and pulls the shades, blocking out his shrinking horizons.

At night Pussy's girlfriends stop by: Lucky, Sanchez, and Archer. They sit around with drinks called Sex on the Beach, speaking in a language that only they understand.

"I hear that Miss Acosta is pulling a 'Sunny'."

Lucky starts singing "Swing Low, Sweet chariot". A "Sunny" – after the comatose heiress Sunny Von Bulow – is to

be in a coma but still have your hair and nails done every day: the Pinnacle of Fabulousness. Pussy flicks the remote control, prasing a talk show.

"How tired," says Sanchez.

Archer fiddles with a lighter, inhaling deeply. "Dis you hear about poor Anthony DeCamp? She drowned in her bedpan!"

The others gasp in disbelief, then fall backwards with delight. Archer continues, with an attitude.

"She got up to piss, thinking that she was at home, tripped over the IV and fell in her bedpan. She was wasted from Demerol. The nurses found her when the brought the pills, already blue."

The others are choking. When they sober, Sanchez says quietly, "I always did like Anthony. So attractive when we first met him. And he always looked so...butch."

There is a moment of silence while Johnny Carson gets the applause for his monologue.

"But when he opened his mouth...his purse fell out."

Pussy is scanning the obits, and there is Anthony's face, smiling, saying that he died of a long and difficult struggle. Agner is in the kitchen fixing goulash, his specialty. The television is playing a movie of the life of the great modern dancer, Isadora

Duncan. It is just before the part where she gets her neck broken in the red Bugatti.

Pussy says, "I think I'm losing it."

Agner sticks his head through the frame that separates the kitchen area from the everywhere else area.

"What? I didn't hear you."

Agner is worried that Pussy is falling apart. He's seen this before with queens and calls it The Camille Syndrome. Death is, for them, the ultimate Glamour Statement; madness is even better, a higher Diva Quotient. His last buddy, a TV named Alexis, had amazed him by reciting Juliet's balcony scene, backwards, word for word, filtering a strange, canny intelligence through the haze of dementia. Alas, Alexis had wondered too far one day and had been found, floating in the Hudson, face up, like Ophelia.

"What are you doing later on?" Pussy asks, as Agner brings the plates.

"There's an action at City Hall tomorrow, so I have to be up early."

"Going out at night used to be an assumption. Now it's an occasion."

Agner is dishing out thick, steaming portions.

"Oh honey, I can't eat all that."

GET FAT, don't die!

Fatty Mae's Egg 'n Bacon Sandwich

3 or 4 slices bacon
2 eggs
mayonnaise
rye bread

Fry the bacon in a skillet. Set aside to drain. Pour off most of the grease in the pan, but not all the little bits of bacon effluvia that get left behind. Break the eggs into the pan and scramble them over medium heat until cooked. Don't overbeat the eggs! You want little bits of yellow and white, all mixed together, not a even blandness. Add two or three dollops of mayo, and crumble in all of the bacon. Mix well and spread between the slices of rye bread, toasted if you prefer.

Danger, Will Robinson! Fat can be hard to digest, and many of us Diseased Pariahs have G.I. problems. If your innards have trouble digesting fat, keep away. It'll hit you like a brick. But if ol' Mr. Stomach and Mr. Bowel can handle it, then nothing'll put on the weight faster than Fatty Mae's Bacon 'n Egg Sandwich.

Bitty Mae's White Trash Chicken

So I'm trashy, eh? Well, try substituting chicken in the porkchop recipe on the previous page. Season, flour, and butter the chicken, and bake in a greased pan at 350° F for 45 minutes. Take out of the oven and scrape the bottom of the pan to loosen all the little brown bits. Pour the soup over and bake as indicated. Serve with rice. Yum! (Glass pans seem to make a richer, browner gravy than metal or porcelain.)

[continued from page 8]

Agner knows that the cat will be eating goulash for days. He looks sadly at the grinning cheshire face. "Is there anything else you could eat?"

Pussy is surprised that he is too tired for any one of a number of tasteless and obvious comebacks.

"No, honey, you just go on home."

• • • • •

It is the last weekend of June, the Greatest Show on Earth. Pussy is wearing his shortest dress and his longest hair. His apartment is cleaned out and packed in boxes, except for the cocktail service and a full-length mirror. Since he lives only half-a block from the parade route it will be easy for the others to stop by on their way, to say goodbye. He admires his reflection, happy that they will remember him just like this.

The girls arrive at noon as "Ebony", "Mahogany" and "Cleopatra". Sanchez, an FIT student, has been stitching and encrusting for days. They spin around in black rubber and sequins. They are shrieking about the legions of gorgeous queers marching down the street. They hang off the fire escape, throwing things and inspiring applause.

Pussy sees Agner down there, one flower in a waving field of

upraised fists. A passing float stacked with gym bodies and pumping "Vogue" sends the "ladies" twitching and squealing. Pussy almost loses his footing on the rusty slats as Archer moons the masses. "Scandalous!" they are screaming, "Over!"

Pussy is inside, pouring an other drink, checking his makeup, when Sanchez comes twinkling down off the fire escape.

"Lovely party, darling!"

Several of Lucky's friends have dropped in and the balcony is getting dangerously crowded.

"My swan song," Pussy replies, grandly.

Sanchez is tripping on X so his timing is slightly off. He knows that Pussy can't take care of himself anymore and doesn't know exactly what to say. "But you look so well, Mary. And you've got so much to live for." He gestures with his Lee press-ons, vaguely implying a panorama.

"Besides," he shrugs, "insanity can be quite attractive."

The parade coils away towards Christopher Street and the drinks dry up. The party crashes so hard it leaves skid marks. Pussy's friends file out, leaving behind a fine dust of glitter.

"I would stay," says Lucky, a bitch on heels, "but I've got to

find a husband."

"Hello!" says Sanchez, finishing his pink drink and adding, with a wet kiss, "Be good to yourself, Angel."

• • • • •

Pussy's father says grace over the microwaved vegetables and minute steak while his mother keeps getting up from the table to bring him one more thing. He can tell his parents are barely managing to keep their panic in check and wonders how long this will last. He feels the puke rising in his gullet and wonders if he will make it to the bathroom.

Pussy's parents try to engage him in conversation, feeding him scraps of information about his old hometown, hoping that he will digest it with the meal. A girl from down the street got married and was killed in a freak accident. His childhood dentist retired, finally, after getting hit with a malpractice suit. The Junior High School has been turned into an old-age home, what they call a "Mature Community".

Pussy is looking at his plate one hour later minus two bites. His father is cleaning his gun and watching a game, encouraging the champions. His mother is doing laundry in the other room and he can hear the rhythmic wheeling of the dryer, smell the soap and bleach. Pussy is staring blankly at his plate, wondering who he is and what

has happened.

In the morning, Pussy wakes up, out of time, the past and the present fused in one resounding now. The dusty toys of his childhood are a gathering of his oldest and dearest friends. Pussy pages through a photo album: age 12, in the backyard, wearing a huge shirt that looks like a dress; picked out a class photo with a bowl-cut hairstyle; on the Esplanade, with Alfonse. He notices that he is sucking his thumb. He gets dressed and goes to school.

The streets are surprisingly empty and he wonders if he is late. He passes the house next door and remembers, or sees, Mr. Farmer having a heart attack and being wheeled away on a gurney. Down the street is a short cut across the Marshall's driveway and he sees the figures of two people he doesn't recognize arguing in the window. Main Street is quiet, no traffic, as if it's a holiday. He gets to school and wonders why they've changed the trees and the driveway around. There is an old woman peering at him over the handle of a rake.

Have you lost something?" she asks. "Can I help you?"

The halls are full of kids on their way to homeroom. He hopes that no one will recognize him. He darts down the stairs, finding his way through a series of swinging metal doors, into catacombs. The air smells like moisture and ammonia and there is a metallic clanging, like a gong. He turns

a corner and comes into the locker room, where twenty or thirty boys are using Pussy as a punching bag.

Mr. DiFranco is sitting in a shadow, immobile, his face like a tombstone with windows. There are little chinks of light coming out from his eyes and Pussy can see that he is enjoying the spectacle. Mr. DiFranco licks his lips as Pussy falls backwards against the lockers. Pussy is on his hands and knees, screaming at Mr. DiFranco.

"You saw it happen! You let it happen! You made it happen!"

Pussy is still screaming ten minutes later when the fat security guards who work for the old age home throw him out on the sidewalk. The old woman is standing there, with her rake, eyeing him suspiciously.

• • • • •

Mr. DiFranco opens the door to his cheerful turquoise ranch home and doesn't believe what he sees. His threadbare cocker spaniel comes yapping out across the welcome mat and stops, cold. Standing there, between the sundial and the flamingo, is a raging queer maniac, pointing a pistol.

Pussy is dressed to die, in blood red, with a veil. He pulls the trigger three times. Something inside Mr. DiFranco tears like paper, and his guts go spilling out onto the entryway. Then Pussy shoots the dog.



GET FAT, don't die!

**Fanny Mae's
Killer Key Lime Pie**

2 egg yolks
2 cans (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
Zest of 4 limes, finely grated
1/2 cup freshly squeezed lime juice
one 9" graham cracker crust

Preheat the oven to 400°F. Beat the egg yolks until fluffy and light in color. Gradually mix in the condensed milk. Add the lime zest and juice and mix thoroughly. Pour into the crust and bake for 10 minutes. When done, set the pie out to cool.

But wait! The fun's not over yet! Now for the topping:

**Fanny Mae's
Killer Key Lime Pie Topping**

1 cup heavy cream
2 Tablespoons confectioners sugar

Beat the cream in a chilled bowl until almost stiff. Add the sugar and continue beating until the whipped cream forms stiff peaks. (Do not overbeat! You'll be left with a buttery mess.) Spread over the cooled pie and serve. If you're feeling fancy, you can reserve 3/4 cup of the whipped cream and apply it to the pie with a pastry bag to form 8 little rosettes. Then stick a slice of lime into each rosette. Voilà! A confection guaranteed to get you into heaven.

EXAMINING ROOM ETIQUETTE

by Treadwell Bruce

- 1) If you insist on wearing shorts to an appointment, avoid Spandex. To don a form-fitting garment is to suggest that you are not only having fun but also working at it.
- 2) A suntan is counterproductive in that it creates the illusion of health. (If this condition develops, as a result of long-term disability combined with homelessness, it can be concealed through the application of clown-white theatrical make-up or a facial pesto you can make from cold cream and corn starch.
- 3) While primary print undergarments are acceptable, those featuring big dogs, chili peppers, or tropical fruits introduce a festive element inappropriate to a 6 x 8 foot room furnished with a wall mounted blood pressure unit and a contaminated sharps bucket.
- 4) Do not wear T-shirts that bespeak of strident unrepentance. These include such lifestyle monikers as Daddy's Boy, Leather Pig, and Gutterslut.
- 5) Also to be avoided are items of clothing that suggest an inappropriate level of good health. To wear B.U.M. "equipment" and inverted G-string tank tops is not only to snigger at fate but to trivialize the work of the medical establishment.
- 6) When instructed to undress, do not assume that you are also being asked to strike a pose.
- 7) Medical curiosity will often flatter the physician; however, while waiting in the examining room, you should resist the temptation to explore cabinet drawers and apothecary jars.
- 8) Although a list of demands can maximize the usefulness of a five-minute consultation, a sheet of word-processed demands is unwise, particularly if you are scheduled for procedures requiring instruments sharper than a tongue depressor or longer than a stethoscope.
- 9) Avoid weeping during medical procedures and consultations; such displays may not only distract the physician from the disease, but may also persuade her to prescribe antidepressants so potent that you'll be left guffawing at the Smurfs.
- 10) While civility is appreciated even within the harshest of medical offices, cheerfulness and levity can be disconcerting to the physician. According to many patients, 200 mgs of AZT can do much to curtail these counterproductive attitudes.
- 11) It is true that physicians are at the ready with advice, but you should not ask one to refer you to a good physician.
- 12) If the physician seems open to small talk and even to your opinions, you may feel free to recommend restaurants, films, and famous maker outlets. It is presumptuous, however, to suggest improvements in office decor, hair style, mascara application, or your own medical care.
- 13) There is a direct correlation between the physician's sense of well-being and a patient's enthusiastic consumption of prescribed medications.
- 14) To complain about side-effects is to invite a one-minute explanation of our badly flawed universe.



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ASK AUNT KAPOSI

Darlings, I haven't seen most of you in ages and I don't want to – until I gain another ten pounds and get my hair back. Yes, here I am again in the AIDS ward of Cedars Sinai Hospital smack in the middle of show biz, on my back 20 productive hours a day, praying for release from the duplicity of the white man and for the phone to stop ringing. The good news is that I'm going home tomorrow.

I was thinking of all you lively ones out there with your heartaches and hardons. Day after day, potential readers approach me with questions you wouldn't believe, just dying to know my *joie de secret* in the middle of so many disgusting tragedies.

Whenever a perfectly ravaged stranger comes up to me and asks, "Aunt Kaposi, how do you do it? How can you always manage to look so radiant and laugh incessantly in the midst of so much devastation, personal and collective. Is it the drugs?"

Aunt Kaposi does have a lot of drugs on her mind these days, but the are not my *joie de secret*. I say, "*stigma with style, child. There is no time to hate.*" And then I tell them – and I believe this to the bottom of my

creviced toenails. "*There is always, in every instant, here and everywhere, for you and for everyone, and abundance of love.*" I hope you'll feel it, if you don't already, with my new regular column, "Aunt Kaposi's Advice to the Loveworn," Aunt Kaposi will endeavor to answer all your questions as to the monstrous metaphysical gag we're all living through, as well as helpful hints on HIV fashion, fine food, gourmet sex, travel, the wild world of entertainment, and living tough.

I got a letter from my dear brother in St. Augustine, Florida. (Hi Cuddles, told you I'd get you into print.) The doctors give Cuddles maybe three months. Stigma with style, child.

He writes: "...sometimes I get so frightened of dying, I never want to see another drop of blood as long as I live. My nurses and doctors, even the sweet cleaning lady Lucille who wipes my chafed ass, they all become like demons and harpies from Hell, preparing a new vial of my apparently delicious blood to rush downstairs to satisfy their true lusts..."

Well, Cuddles, you raise some interesting questions in this letter.

Blood is a subject close to Aunt Kaposi's heart. My colleague, St. Domenico de Los Angeles, is putting out a whole new line of blood-inspired fashions for the fall, and I guarantee we'll all look sensational, dead or alive. Blood, at least my blood, I have always regarded as somewhat regal. Of course, I'm a Leo and I would see it that way. I look at my blood with awe, for its beauty and divinity. The red and blue microscopic gobbletygooks mixing into one rich majestic magenta, iridescent swirling liquid life. I smell it, I lick it, I taste it, I squeeze out more. Of course I wouldn't impose my delight in any form on any of my friends or enemies, but Aunt Kaposi's always honest with you. Love your blood.

As I write here in my hospital bed, an adorable Philippina nurse named Rosead is wheeling up a unit of blood for me. She asked me if I have problems accepting strange blood, and if I wanted to ask someone to donate theirs. From the hospital blood there is a 1% chance of contracting hepatitis, and the chances are one in 20,000 that the blood might contain HIV.

I said, "Rosead, I don't feel like

calling up my good friends and family this afternoon and asking them if they would mind bringing over a unit of their blood in rush-hour traffic. Especially when they know I'm coming home tomorrow. And honey, I've been infected with HIV since before you were born - I must have been in Agent Zero's pants. I ain't worried. Bring it on, strange blood, red blood, black blood, white blood." *Ain't no semen without God's blood* I found myself singing spontaneously as Rosead closed the door behind her to wheel in my unit.

Next issue, Cuddles, we'll elaborate further about how to avoid the penetrating paranoia that seizes you in your sleepless nights, and that special terror that comes upon you when your candy striped hospital volunteer asks you what you are writing. For now, my advice is for you to realize once and forever - this is heaven, this is hell, nothing to be ashamed or hide, even the stars in our eyes, the wars in your gut, there is nothing to avoid, nothing to suppress, nothing to fear. There is at every instant, here and everywhere, more than enough love, an abundance, an abundance, for you, for me.

Remember till next time Aunt Kaposi's famous recipe for eternal peace - ritualize your perversions, perfect your pitch, and most importantly, stigma with style, child! A revolution without laughter is like a wedding without love, ain't that right, Cuddles? Love to you all, even if I'm dead by the time you read this. I'm still thinking of you - you with my blood. — K. S.

Is there anything that you would like to ask Aunt Kaposi? Send your questions to Aunt Kaposi, c/o DPN.

The Golden Pariah Awards

The **Golden Pariah** is an award bestowed by editorial whim to people with HIV who have been traitorous to the community. A posthumous Golden Pariah goes to **Roy Cohn**, Senator JohnMcCarthy's right hand man: "While McCarthy was saving America from the evils of communism, Roy Cohn was doing his best to root out queers in the government, destroying thousands of careers and lives. Decades later, he contracted HIV and developed AIDS, which he denied having until the day of his death. Good riddance, Roy.

A second place award, the **Silver Sniveller**, goes to our nation's favorite innocent victim, **Kimberly Bergalis**. As you no doubt know, Kimberly got the icky virus from her dentist. We can understand her being upset, but standing up on her rickety legs in front of the Senate panel and whining "I didn't do anything wrong! I'm innocent!" was inexcusable. Even more inexcusable was the way the media, especially Time Magazine, fawned over her, perpetuating the "guilty victim vs. innocent victim" fallacy through another ratings sweep week.

Who Is That Little Mousie on Our Cover?

The leering rodent on our cover is no less than the legendary Oncomouse, a member of a patented strain of laboratory rat guaranteed to spontaneously develop cancer at age two or less. In the old days, scientists had to induce cancer in rats chemically, a messy process which often left lingering side effects other than the desired malignancies. Oncomice, on the other hand, produce nice organic tumors with no chemical aftertaste. They're nature's pariahs. Anyway, we felt sorry for them, and decided to elevate them to official mascot status. They cost \$75 apiece, and are the perfect pet for someone who needs to pity something, although they aren't generally available to the public.



Centerfold Boy

MATT CHAPPEL





DPN welcomes Matt Chappell to our Centerfold. Matt is 22, 5'10", weighs 160 pounds, and is from Battle Creek, Michigan. Matt is studying emergency, and trying to end world hunger in his spare time. We asked Matt a few provocative questions, and here's what he had to say... What's your favorite high-calorie supplement to drizzle over boyfriends? "I like to take a plate full of malt-flavored Nutrament." What OI's do you not look forward to? "Toxoplasmosis and TB; very nostalgic." What do you want to do want to be when you grow up? "Aline"....and finally, the million-dollar question: If you were a potato, would you like to be baked, boiled, or mashed? "Pomied." (And Parn Potato likes that!) Any proposal for a Centerfold marriage can be sent to Matt at DPN Bucket #16.

And remember, Centerfold Boys are eligible to win fabulous prizes! Matt will receive the DPN T-shirt of his choice, a free DPN subscription, and Captain Condom's Original Parrot Backpack! Would you like to be our next Page Turn, Centerfold, or Back Door Boy? Let us know!





JACKAROOS

A Hard Day in the Saddle Leaves a Hard Dick in Your Pants



Jackaroos © 1991 by Kristen Bjorn;
four eyes out of five.

Some of you may be wondering how ol' Porn Potato got this job, anyway. Well, being America's couch potato in the raw isn't easy; it took years of practice and countless evenings of rejection at *Badlands* to hone his skills. Finding the boys unapproachable, he turned to video to quench the fire in his loins, and found that he could have contact with far more people than if he picked them up singly. After all, dear subscriber, you are reading his work.

Speaking of loins and other things down under, ol' Porn Potato heard of a new video from Kristen Bjorn with an Australian motif, called *Jackaroos*. Since Porn Potato has never met an Australian he didn't like, coupled with prurient hopes of seeing men looking at each other longingly and saying, "Put another shrimp ahn the

bahrbie, mate", he practically got caluses on his fingers calling rental stores to see if he could find it.

The film opens with two strapping boys in their Toyota Landcruiser driving through the jungle, where we are treated to lots of sanitized wildlife. Over the footage of what looks like one of those drive-thru animal parks, our narrator tells us how "blokes gaht tuh stick togethuh through thick and thin." At first Porn Potato thought that it was one of our jackaroos speaking, but since the voice is the same in all of the vignettes, and doesn't necessarily track with the boys' lips, he decided that the voice speaks for the entire corpus of sexual energy of all the jackaroos in the world. A narrator from the id, if you will.

Anyway, Jackaroo #1 gets to feeling randy in the passenger side of their Landbruiser, and Jackaroo #2 sees fit to help his buddy out. They give each other long sensual blowjobs with lots of kissing, and then finish each other off on the hood of the Landcrusher. Then Jackaroo #1

pushes Jackaroo #2 over the Landabuser's front and does him doggy style. *Hey!* Porn Potato asks, *are they doing it without rubbers?* No, they're just using pink ones that are barely visible, as opposed to our country's surgical white Trojans with the oh-so-visible expiration date printed right where you can see it in the close-ups. Our two Jackaroos do it in the Toyota, in the bush (so to speak), on the rocks, clocking five or six orgasms before quenching their desires. Porn Potato likes that. *What do these boys eat?* Porn Potato wonders, *Is it all that Vegemite that gives them such motility?* The only thing that Porn Potato didn't like about the scene were these pesky little black biting flies (just like the ones that tormented you in summer camp) which the models hardly seem to notice.

Next we find ourselves at a cattle station, which looks suspiciously well-appointed: austere rattan furniture, elegant houseplants, picture windows. Porn potato suspects that we are actually at the Woomera Visitors' Center, waiting for that drive-thru safari tour. As Cowpoke #1 looks across the patio with longing eyes,

Narrator Id offers his two cents worth, "Livin' ahn a cattle station, there are a lawt o' times when a man stahs feelin' mighty lonesome." Well, Cowpoke #1's prayers have been answered because Cowpoke #2 and Cowpoke #3 have just come home, hair perfectly moussed and scrotums freshly a-shaven after two months in the outback.

What follows is a scene that will stick in Porn Potato's mind for years to come. Cowpoke #2 and Cowpoke #3 do Cowpoke #1 every which way, gradually shedding their clothes but somehow retaining their knife belts and boots. Cowpoke #2 really must not have gotten any for a while, because he alone shoots incredible quantities of hot Aussie jism no less than five times. Even if you allow for the normal compression from Pacific Standard to Porn Time, it's still pretty impressive. Porn Potato's favorite part is in the middle of this story, when Cowpoke #2 and Cowpoke #3 come all over Cowpoke #1 without touching themselves. Porn Potato *really* likes that. And if the Cowpokes all seem a little too well groomed for regional authenticity, they make up for it by at least *sounding* like cattle being branded.

Next it's Drea my, Lunky, and Twinkie, three dropouts from the Kyle McLaughlin

Look-Alike Contest, all riding horse-back to their favorite waterin' hole. According to Narrator Id, "A hahd day in the saddle leaves a hahd dick in your pants." Indeed, for our boys dismount their horses and begin mounting one another. Porn Potato tries to ignore the fact that the "waterin' hole" has concrete steps sculpted into its side.

After that, Jackaroo #1 and Cowpoke #2 show a Generic Blond Boy what to do when the one-eyed trouser snake strikes. They practice depositing and sucking out snake venom on the lanai, under the cabana, and in the bush (they really seem to like the bush). For a second, Porn Potato thought something was wrong with his tape, but it just turned out to be some of those pesky black flies crawling over the models. Hmm.

Jackaroos is a long film for only four vignettes. It has a slow, languid

feel not unlike a tropical afternoon. The models are comely, and don't spoil the story with too much talking. There is an over-produced quality that is definitely low-cal and sodium free, but doesn't contain any destructive cultural additives. About the only thing that Porn Potato's hypertrophied sense of the politically correct can take issue with is the dedicated roles of the performers, that is, once a top, always a top; and vice versa. On the other hand, he can't be sure whether this is just the personal preferences of the performers, or whether it is the darker product of some macho-maricon aspect of Australian society. Nevertheless, *Jackaroos* is worth checking out.

On a scale of one to five eyes, *Jackaroos* opened four. Rent as soon as you



can, buy if you've got oodles of disposable income.

GET FAT, don't die!

TASTE CHALLENGE

The famous expression "you can't be too thin or too rich" was obviously coined before the AIDS epidemic. While the second half of that famous epigram holds true, two out of the three DPN editors are currently suffering from severe "AZT butt" and have been ordered by our doctors to gain weight.

"Food Supplements" are usually the first thing recommended to HIVers to boost out poundage. These "liquid nutrition" foods were designed to provide total sustenance – sometimes through feeding tubes – for hospitalized patients unable to handle enough solid food to avoid starving to death. If necessary, in theory, one could survive indefinitely on this stuff.

Well, I wouldn't want to try it, and neither would any of the other hapless guinea pigs ruthlessly lured into participating in our taste test. Several leading brands of food supplement were compared under rigorously scientific circumstances. The DPN editorial board, plus a couple of HIV-negative controls, engaged in a "blind" tasting and evalu-

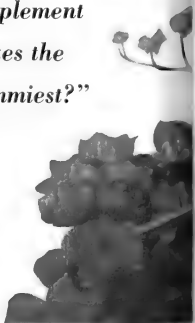
ated the taste, smell, texture, and color of the "subjects." Our entirely objective opinion is: they stink.

These results aren't particularly surprising, but secretly I was hoping to discover a brand of this stuff that I could stomach. On the positive side, my boyfriend, who'd been nagging me to use food supplements for nearly a year, completely dropped his effort after participating in the blind tasting. You can't argue with science – or tastebuds.

We evaluated six chocolate-flavored supplements: Ensure (according to it's label, "a rich, creamy drink"), Ensure Plus, Nutrament ("milk-shake taste"), Sustacal ("delicious"), and Meritene. Carnation Instant Breakfast was included as a control. All were evaluated on a five point scale, with 5 equaling "excellent", 3 indicating "fair", and 1 reflecting "just awful".

There were no interesting differences on smell, color, or texture. All were fairly odorless, a blah tan color, and had a waxy tex-

*Your diligent
editors tackle
the daunting
question,
"Which
nutritional
supplement
tastes the
yummier?"*



ture from the hydrogenated vegetable oil universally added to boost the fat content. The ingredients, listed on the packages, showed surprisingly little variation. Water, corn syrup, sucrose, and partially hydrogenated soybean oil usually headed the list. The averaged results on "taste" were as follows:

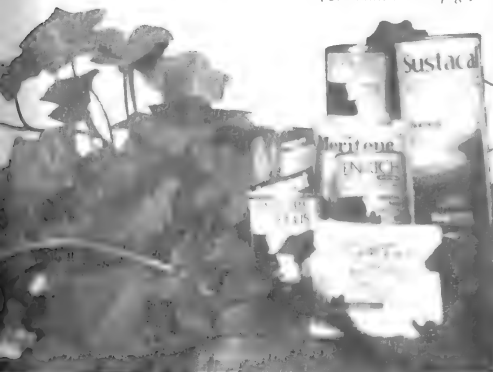
Ensure Plus.....	2.9
Nutrament.....	2.6
Ensure.....	2.6
Carnation Inst. Breakfast.....	2.5
Enrich.....	2.0
Sustacal.....	1.9
Meritene.....	1.6

The top-scorers were those products with either more sugar (the Ensures, with both corn syrup or sucrose) or skim milk (Nutrament). One tester commented that Ensure Plus "tasted

like liquid Cocoa Pebbles" (the breakfast cereal), which he apparently intended as a compliment. He also noted that the Meritene can had "wrist-slitting potential"; certainly, someone informed that they would have to ingest this stuff for the rest of their life may well opt for "self-deliverance" instead.

Overall, we cannot recommend food supplements as the first line of offense for any dedicated calorie-packer. They are, essentially, typical medical scams, and their high prices reflect the ruthless markup of anything connected to the wonderful world of medicine. They get recommended because they are covered by insurance, as a prescribed medical intervention. Perhaps some people need the vitamins and minerals (and

[Continues on next page]



Nutritional supplements: Flavors that nature never intended.

GET FAT, don't die!

Rhietta Lou's Chocolate-Covered Easter Bunny

This traditional holiday meal is so tasty, it's almost sinful!

2 small rabbit friers, cut up
12 small boiling onions, peeled
12 small baby carrots, green tops trimmed
olive oil
mole poblano (recipe follows)
8 hardboiled eggs, shelled

Preheat oven to 350°F. Heat olive oil in a skillet and saute the rabbit pieces, onions, and carrots until browned. Put the rabbit pieces in a medium cassarole pan or dutch oven, and arrange the carrots and onions decoratively around them. Pour the mole sauce over the bunny bits and bake, covered, for 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until the rabbit is done. While the bunny bakes, make 3-4 batches of colored water, and dye the peeled, hardboiled eggs. Remove the rabbit from the oven, garnish with the colored eggs, and serve. Goes best with a tomato aspic in the shape of a crucifix. Mmm, tastes just like chicken!

Chocolate Sauce (Mole Poblano)

2 medium tomatoes, seeded, and chopped
1/2 cup chopped onion
2 canned poblano chiles, rinsed, seeded, and chopped
1/2 pine nuts
1/3 cup raisins
1 6-inch corn tortilla, cut up
2 tablespoons sesame seed
1/2 teaspoon crushed red pepper
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon crushed or ground anise seed
1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon ground coriander seed
dash of pepper
1/2 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted

Whirl everything but the chocolate in a blender until nearly smooth. Then stir in the melted chocolate. If this seems like too much of a bother, you can cheat and use canned mole poblano.

The obligatory softcore picture of our newest staff member.
We present: Your Sleazy Editrix.



ash...?) listed at the very end of the ingredient lists, but most of us would be better off with a real milk-shake and a One-A-Day supplement.

The dietary supplements generally offer about 250 calories per 8 or 12 ounce serving. Most Kern's juices provide comparable sums at a fraction of the price. While writing this article, your Sleazy Editrix, Mikey Mae, at about half a bag of Trader Joe's chocolate-covered raspberry jelly sticks, which I'm sure hold their own against Ensure when it comes to raw caloric value.

If you are going to employ these supplements on a regular basis,

you will no-doubt learn the many techniques for enhancing (i.e. covering up as completely as possible) their flavor. Adding large dollops of Hershey's syrup is a famous dodge. Cranky Editor Biffy mixes lots of malt in his Carnation Instant Breakfast to make it palatable. Treatment activist John Dolan suggests mixing equal proportions of chocolate-flavored supplement with strong coffe for a calorie-packing Mocha Latté.

Are there any good tasting food supplements out there? Not that we can tell, but if you learn otherwise, let us know. In the meantime: Bon Appetit! —M.B.

MEAT M

Yes indeedy, you too can find the love of your life in these hallowed pages! Here's the way it works:

You can say anything you like in an ad — anything except "straight acting." The first 50 words are free, subsequent words are 10¢ a piece. We don't want to be responsible for any unexpected mystery dates, so please use your post office box. If you don't have one, we'll supply a DPN Basket for you.

To reply to a DPN Basket: Write your letter. Put it in a stamped envelope, and write the Basket Number on the lower left of that envelope. Now put this envelope in another envelope addressed to DPN and mail it. We'll forward it for you.

WARNING: Do not forget the stamp on the inner envelope! If you do, we'll forward your letter anyway, but we'll read it first and find out all of your secrets. That's the price of postage these days, heh, heh.

Debating, Dancing, & SEX

Attractive, nice, Hispanic 23 year old seeks MAN. I am an energetic, witty, self-employed fun seeker. I'm 5'11", 160 lbs., sexy, versatile, intelligent, non-judgmental, sorta punk, "little bit of everything" kind of guy. I live part time in San Francisco and part time in the southbay. I enjoy drawing, reading, working out, pot, crosswords, cooking, debating, dancing, and SEX (not necessarily in that order). You are 22? — up, handsome (not conceited) fit, cleanshaven, non-judgmental, like playing games, outdoorsy, tall?, beefy?, versatile!, FUN!, metaphysical?, and positive about life! DPN Basket #13.

Leftist Mensch

Looking for an active social life, with a small emphasis on bars and cheap sex, although I

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RESOURCES

an fund of both. Planning on moving to San Francisco in '92. I'm 6'1", 250 lbs. (not a small boy!), and looking for another leftist mensch. Rob, P.O. Box 32821, Phoenix, AZ 85044-2821.

Nationwide Traveler

Visible PWA, bearded, "daddyish" GWM, blue eyes, grey-brown hair, 5'7", 145 lbs., 40, educated, professional. In search of over-casual, health-conscious (NO recreational drugs, tobacco, alcohol) playmates. Prefer 18-30, 6' or under, uncut, Asian/Hispanic. These are not necessary, but a wicked wit, appreciation of sarcasm, and recognition of life's ironies are. DPN Basket #14

Back Door Boys

How did these two "Diehards" end up in a 1959 Cadillac Hense and why do they look so happy? This is the story of Michael and Debbie. Debbie (the pretty one), so-named due to the striking similarity to Homecoming Queen's Got A Gun, is a 45 year old who forgot to grow up. He got very rich following a particularly inspiring acid trip in the 60's, and today is a real estate entrepreneur. Debbie's hobbies include collecting toy stoves, old radios, stuffed dead things, dishing dirt, and most of all, looking pretty. Michael is a 35 year old who also forgot to grow up, and until recently was killing himself working 50 hours a week, and spending what little free time he had resting up for another. When Michael met Debbie, she convinced him that this was hardly inspiring and suggested her own agenda: go on disability and party down! Michael spends time tinkering with special interest autos, watches Mr. Roger's Neighborhood, reads obits, and visits cemeteries (to see people worse off than he). By learning from each other to laugh in the face of death they may have successfully thwarted the grim reaper thus far, and with a little luck, may remain friends for some time to come. (Backdoor photos courtesy of Brad.) DPN Basket #15

HIV Traffic School. Just when you thought you had seen everything, there's HIV traffic school! That's right, Sgt. Woodrow Tennant of the San Francisco Police Department has been authorized to teach to people with HIV who normally wouldn't be able to attend the eight-hour sessions. All the usual DMV material is covered, as well as the effects of medication, HIV infection, and OIs on driving performance. Best of all, it's free to pariahs! People in the San Francisco area can call (415) 553-5938 for more information.

Wellspring is a publication of the AIDS ACTION Committee of Massachusetts. This unassuming bimonthly newsletter is one of the most complete that ol' Cranky has seen in some time. Some of the highlights from the November-December '91 issue reviewed include an article on understanding lab test results, tips for avoiding holiday stress, tips for mouth and throat complications, and financial advice. A summary of the issue is provided in Spanish. Also included is a helpful list of businesses in the Boston area that give PWA discounts.

A subscription to *Wellspring* is \$25/year, but is offered free of charge to clients of the AIDS ACTION Committee, and to other AIDS service organiza-

tions. Send checks to *Wellspring*, c/o AIDS ACTION Committee, 131 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116

The AIDS Stack is an interactive educational document for the Macintosh, which allows people to scroll through the pages, facts, and figures at their own speed. Composed in Hyper-card, this document can be used by the Mac literate and illiterate alike.

The AIDS Stack is published quarterly and available for \$25.00 per issue or \$75.00 for a four-issue subscription. PWAs and PWArCs can request the goodies for free. Also available: *Harsh Words* for Jesse Helms.

The business of buying people's life insurance policies has just heated up. **Living Benefits** offers the usual 55% to 80% payback on your policy, depending on your decrepitude, but here's the twist: If your policy has a face value of \$100,000 or more, Living Benefits will set you up free for life with the most commonly prescribed oral meds such as AZT, ddI, pentamidine, antivirals, antibiotics, antifungals, and antidepressants. Holders of policies worth less than \$100K can get the goods at wholesale cost. For more information, call Living Benefits at (800) 458-8790. — B. T.

Day of the Dildoes

In a way, dildoes are the last taboo of risk reduction. It used to be that nice boys and girls didn't do the flying helicopter squat onto sex toys, and if you ever saw them in movies, it was always part of some "anal abuse" scene. Well, be oppressed no longer, dildoes do have their place in the universe. After all, they don't dribble precum, and have never been known to shoot their wad unexpectedly.

When dildo shopping, don't let your eyes be bigger than your stomach. They range in size from the teensy-weensy Dr. Dinkies to behemoths that can only be accommodated by stunt artists performing in the red light district of San Juan. Pick a reasonable size. Next, take a look at what they're made of. Dildoes are made of rubber or silicone, both relatively soft and accommodating. The rubber ones, however, will develop little cracks and fissures over time, which become vacation retreats for bacteria and other unsavory creatures. Silicone dildoes are

more expensive in comparison, with a smooth, nonporous surface that will last much longer.

Your dildo should have a large base, usually in the form of stylized balls. If you're into special effects, the Jeff Stryker model's balls are "fondle-able". Sorry, no tape with the words, "yeah, yeah, play with them balls, lick them balls..." is provided with the equipment. The large base will prevent the toy from slipping inside and getting lost (and providing exciting coffee break conversation at your expense by the emergency room personnel who will have to pluck it out). Don't use any dildoes with manual or electric cranks inside. The metal camshafts have a way of cutting through the rubber and breaking free, really ruining the day of whoever they were inside when it happened. The worst part of that is that they don't make designer colostomy bags.

Sex toys should be washed thoroughly after each use with soap and water. You don't have to boil them in lye, but soaking

them in a mild solution of household bleach (ten parts water, one part bleach) wouldn't hurt. People shouldn't share dildoes without cleaning them in between, since they can pass bugs as efficiently as any bona fide appendage.

If everyone at the orgy wants to use the one and only toy, and hustling it off to the shower just kills the mood, put a rubber on it and change the rubber every time someone new uses the dildo. However, make sure that no bodily fluids get onto the base of the appliance, because they may get deposited back on the dildo, even after a fresh rubber has been put on, by whoever is holding it.

Finally, are you dildoes always cold and lifeless? Your lover really likes the sight of it plunging between your supple buns, but you think it feels like getting fucked by a bog monster? Try popping the dildo in the microwave for a few seconds to bring it up to body temperature. Ahh, much better. —B.T.

FURTHER
ADVENTURES
OF

CAPTAIN CONDOM

#5

J OHN GOES TO THE HOSPITAL, PART TWO:

CLAY, CAN
YOU GET ME A PEN?
THERE'S ONE IN
MY BAG.

SURE, JOHN

HERE IT IS.
HEY! WHAT'S
THIS?



A LOUIS HAYSELD
TAPE, AND A CRYSTAL



DUM-DEE-DEE DUM-DEE-DEE DUM-DEE-DEE DUM-DEE-DEE DUM-DEE-DEE DUM-DEE-DEE





*Pus the septic dragon
lived health care free,
all covered with awesome cysts
of a pox called Kaposi's.*

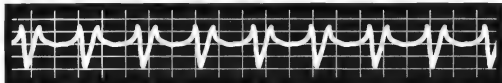
*His tiny AIDS virus
loved that rascal Pus
and gave him shingles and oral thrush
and other fancy stuff!*

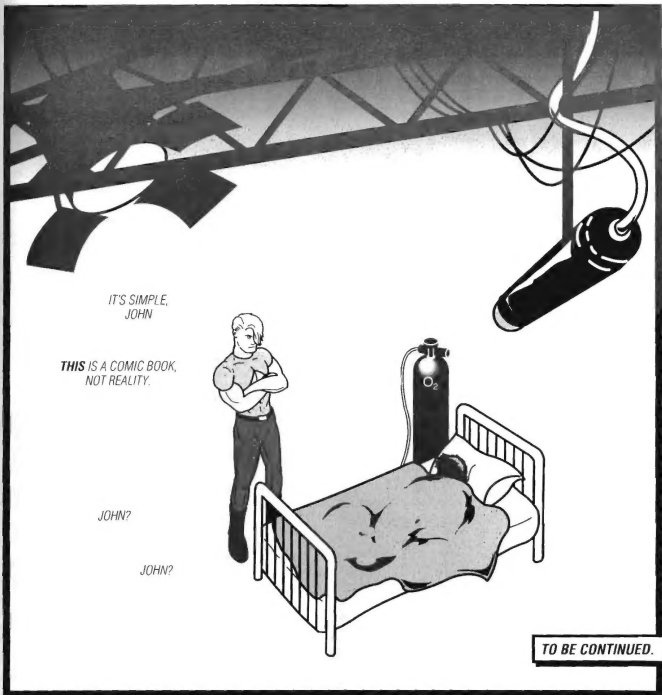
*His immune system unravelled,
his T-cells began to fail.
The virus happily munched away
at Pus's once hunky tail.*

*Craven doctors and nurses
would flee when'er they came.
Hospitals would close their doors
when Pus called out his name.*

*His head would bend in sorrow,
his sores oozed like rain.
Pus no longer went to play
in the tearrooms on the train.*

*Without some decent healthcare,
Pus could not be saved,
so with his icky virus
he slipped into his grave.*





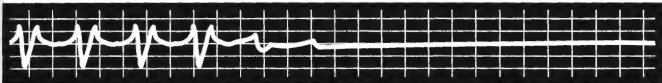
IT'S SIMPLE,
JOHN

THIS IS A COMIC BOOK,
NOT REALITY.

JOHN?

JOHN?

TO BE CONTINUED.



LOOK!

**Rampant
commercialism
here at DPN!**

1

Thought-provoking
DPN postcards! Red and black on
cardstock. Ask for **"You're Soaking
in It!"** or **"Roy & Kimberly"**. Sorry,
"Piss Jesse" no longer available.
50¢ each.



**Totally
cool stuff!**



2

3

Be the belle of the ball in these hand-
some 100% cotton T-shirts!

**"The blood of over 100,000
Americans who have died of AIDS,
Mr. President? Why, you're
soaking in it!"** The graphic that
graced our first cover. Red and
black on white. Specify Large or
Extra-Large. **\$12.00 each.**

"Official Condom Tester"
Commissioned by our friends at
the Condom Resource Center,
this epic design (first seen in
Condom Corner) will attract the
attention of everyone from
illiterate service station
attendants to presidents
and kings. Red and black
on white. Specify Large
or Extra-Large. **\$12.00
each.**



Official DPN buttons, featuring the lovable Oncomouse. Black, red, and white. Also available: "Porn Potato Likes That," "Porn Potato Doesn't Like That," and "GET FAT, don't die!" in black and white. 2-1/4 inches in diameter. **\$1.00 each.**



Tired of those nasty old Trojans but don't know where to turn? Try **Captain Condom's Original Party Pack!** 15 assorted condoms, plus 3 lubricant samples and instructions. **\$4.00 each.**

I WANT IT ALL!

- ☐ Please **RENEW** my existing subscription for only \$10.00 (US\$12 Canada, US\$20 International).
- ☐ Please send me a **NEW SUBSCRIPTION** to DPN (four issues) for only \$10.00 (US\$12 Canada, US\$20 Int'l). Please start me with issue ___#5, or ___#6.
- ☐ Please send me **BACK ISSUES** of DPN for only \$3.00 each (US\$5 Canada, US\$7 Int'l). I would like (please check): ___#1, ___#2, ___#3, and/or ___#4.

Please send to (print clearly):

Name: _____

Address: _____

Signature: _____

(I certify that I am at least 18 years of age)

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- ___ DPN postcards at 50¢ each
 (___ "You're Soaking in It!")
 (___ "Roy and Kimberly")
- ___ "You're Soaking..." T-Shirt at \$12.00 each
 (___ size Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ Condom Tester T-Shirt at \$12.00 each
 (___ size Large, ___ size Extra Large)
- ___ DPN buttons at \$1.00 each
 (___ "Kiss Me, I'm a Diseased Pariah!"
 ___ "Porn Potato Likes That!"
 ___ "Porn Potato Doesn't Like That!"
 ___ "GET FAT, don't die!")
- ___ Captain Condom's Original Party Pack at \$4.00 each.

TOTAL for Merchandise and Magazines _____
 (California residents add appropriate sales tax)

Please make checks out to
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P.O. Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604



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- 8 People Like Us; Chicago
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- 10 Giovanni's Room; Philadelphia
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